

# The Independent.

J. W. ROBERTS.

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## Selected Poetry.

### THE SOLDIER TO HIS CHILDREN.

The following exquisite poem, written in camp, just after a battle, by a soldier-father to his children, and published in the Boston Transcript, we transfer to our columns, for personal by our readers:

Believe, I am every thing;  
Shadows fall across my way:  
I am heavily on the wing,  
Of the cloud—the silver lining,  
Turning darkness into day.

I am weary of the sighing,  
Moaning, waiting through the air;  
Breathing hush in anguish crying  
For the lost ones—for the dying;  
Sobbing anguish of despair.

I am weary of the fighting;  
Brothers red with brothers' gore.  
Only that the wrongs were fighting—  
Tears and Honor's battle fought—  
I would draw my sword no more.

I am pining, dearest, pining  
For your kisses on my cheek;  
For your dear arms round me twining;  
For your soft eyes on me shining;  
For your loved words, darling—speak!

Tell me, in your sweetest prattle,  
Of the olive branch and dove;  
Call me from the cannon's rattle;  
Take my thoughts away from battle;  
Fold me in your dearest love.

### OUR BRAVE BOYS.

Our brave mountain eagle sweeps from the sky,  
Our little mother leaps from forest to plain,  
Out of the West flash the banners of the prairie,  
Out of the East roll the waves of the main!

Down from the Northern shores,  
Load as Niagara pours,  
They march, and their tread wakes the earth with  
Under the stripes and stars,  
Each with the soul of Mars,  
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of War.

## Selected Sketch.

### MRS. MAXWELL DRAKE'S LOSS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Mrs. Maxwell Drake was a cold-hearted, calculating, self-opinionated woman, coarse and hard, with sharp face and practical qualities, whose word was law, whose nature was almost barren of human sympathy. Her husband was of a different disposition, of gentler characteristics and more tender feelings and susceptibilities; but she ruled the household, and he quietly yielded to her authority for peace-sake.

Mrs. Drake became the mother of two little girls, whom she loved in her way, but with whose childish and loving natures, she had little real sympathy. They were bright, active and sprightly, gentle and affectionate, and their outward comfort was carefully attended to by their prudent and thrifty mother, but their hearts were never made glad by a mother's caresses; and it was hardly a matter of surprise that Elsie and Agnes Drake should love their father as they did not their mother, and felt nearer to him.

One day the little girls came home from school and gleefully running to their mother, said:

"O, mamma, the girls are all talking about their Christmas presents, and the pretty things they expect to have! You haven't told us anything about ours yet; but we shall have them, shall we?"

Mrs. Drake sat in her little wicker rocking-chair embroidering some pretty buff aprons for her girls.

"I think," she said, this fuss over Christmas is all nonsense. It's a miserable plan to bring up children to expect presents every year—besides, it's hard times now, and we've no money to waste in this way, so I said to your father when he talked about it. You'll get no Christmas presents this year."

A shadow darkened over the bright faces, a little quiver stirred each red underlip.

"But, mamma, you let us have Christmas presents last year and the one before," pleaded Elsie, who was a year the younger of the little girls.

"That's nothing to do with this one, if I did. Besides, it learned me a good lesson. There's no use in indulging children with all sorts of notions, and letting them always have their own way, and giving them toys to break every time they want them; I've learned that. So let me hear no more about it, for, as I said, you'll have no Christmas presents this year."

Their mother was inexorable—the children knew that; but as they turned away with a sadness and disappointment on their young faces, which was pitiful to see, the elder girl stepped back, and, looking gravely on her mother, said—

"Our teacher told us this afternoon, mamma, that the gifts which parents bestow on their children, at Christmas were symbols of that one great 'gift' which God gave to all the world—to every man and woman and little child within it; and that for Christ's sake it was our duty to be glad, and grateful, to give gifts, and make others happy on Christmas."

For once Mrs. Drake had nothing to say. She moved uneasily in her chair. She could not deny this truth, for she taught her children to believe in and reverence the Christian religion—any more, she professed to follow the steps of Him whose birth every Christmas honors. She could not rid herself of this thought. The grave, gloved, half-rebelling look of her child haunted her for the rest of the day.

She was, as I said, a woman self-opinionated, inflexible, but for once her faith in her own sentiments was shaken. And that night, when she retired to rest, Mrs. Drake was far from comfortable. The face of her child followed her even into her dreams. She was not a woman who would readily acknowledge that she had been in the wrong. It was very difficult to convince her of it. And it is extremely doubtful whether Mrs. Drake would not have hardened her conscience, had not yielded to its solicitations, if a blow, a swift and terrible one, had not struck suddenly down through her rocky nature to the very quick and core of her being.

It was a little past midnight, when, waking suddenly from her restless slumber, she saw a small figure all in white standing at the head of the bed.

"What is that?" she asked, a good deal startled.

"It is I, mamma," answered Elsie Drake. "Agnes is real sick; she groans and groans, and complains of a terrible burning pain in her head, and she doesn't seem to understand when I talk to her."

All the mother in the soul of Mrs. Maxwell Drake was aroused by this statement. She hurried out of bed and into the chamber of her children, and there she found the little girl moaning and tossing upon her pillow, her pulse throbbing wildly, and a dry, fierce heat parching her small limbs, and what was worse than all the rest, the child, when she looked at her mother with a strange, wild stare, did not know her.

There was no time to be lost. Mrs. Drake was certainly not the woman to do it. Her husband was out of town that night, but she dispatched a domestic for the family physician. He came, examined her gravely, and before he left Mrs. Drake knew that Agnes, her first-born child, lay in the grasp of that terrible scourge of little children—the name that sends its shiver to the heart of every mother—"scarlet fever."

For the next three days and nights, giving herself time for sleep or food, did Mrs. Drake hang over the bedside of her suffering child, the most tender, the most skillful of nurses. The mother in her was evolved now by the sight of the pain and danger in which her daughter lay; the moans and the cries of that sick bed wrung the soul of Mrs. Drake.

Agnes never knew the plying face which bent over her day and night, but when the fever ran high and fired her brain, she used to babble about Christmas gifts, and the pretty presents the girls were to find before it was light, in their stockings; and then she would moan and sob pitifully because her "mother had said that she and Elsie would not get any."

And the girl would cry out down to the core of the heart in Mrs. Maxwell Drake, and she would bend over her child, saying, in an agony of remorse and pity—

"You shall have some Christmas presents, my poor, sick darling. Only get the younger of the little girls.

"That's nothing to do with this one, if I did. Besides, it learned me a good lesson. There's no use in indulging children with all sorts of notions, and letting them always have their own way, and giving them toys to break every time they want them; I've learned that. So let me hear no more about it, for, as I said, you'll have no Christmas presents this year."

Their mother was inexorable—the children knew that; but as they turned away with a sadness and disappointment on their young faces, which was pitiful to see, the elder girl stepped back, and, looking gravely on her mother, said—

"I am going to God, who gave us the great Christmas Gift; I shall find Him there," she said, and died.

Perhaps it was just this that the soul of Mrs. Maxwell Drake needed. Perhaps a lesser would not have softened and mellowed her nature as this great loss did. She never forgot, she never forgave, the denial she made to her child that last day when she pleaded for a Christmas gift—she never will. But the rock was cleaved in twain, and thereafter she was a wiser, a humbler, and a better woman.—Arthur's Magazine.

## Miscellaneous.

### Anecdote of Dr. Emmons.

The doctor, it is said, was no great lover of sweet sounds, and religiously excluded from his meeting-house all instrumental music, except a little mahogany-colored wooden pitch-pipe of the size of an "eighteen-month" book. A member of his choir who had learned to play the bass-viol, anxious to exhibit his skill, early one Sunday morning fiddle into the singing gallery. After the first prayer was ended, and the doctor began to handle his "Watts," the bass-viol lifted up his profanation, and trying his strings, instantly attracted the doctor's attention. He paused, laid down his hymn-book, took his sermon from the cushion, and proceeded with his discourse, as if singing was no part of public worship, and finally dismissed the congregation without note or comment. The whole choir was indignant. They stayed after meeting, and all the girls and young men resolved not to go into the "singing seats" at all in the afternoon, and the elders who did go there, bore the visages of men whose minds were made up. Services began as usual in the afternoon. The doctor took his book in his hand, looked over his spectacles at the gallery, and saw only one person there; but nothing daunted, read a psalm and sat down. No sound followed, no one stirred; and the "leader" looked up in utter unconsciousness. After a long and most uneasy silence, the good man, his face somewhat over-flushed, his manner rather stern, read the psalm again, paused, then re-read the first verse, and pushing up his spectacles, looked interrogatively at the gallery. The leader could bear it no longer, and half rising, said decidedly: "There won't be any singing here this afternoon."

"Then there won't be any singing!" said the doctor, quick as thought; and taking his coat back from its peg, he marched down the pulpit stairs, through the broad aisle, and out of the house, leaving his congregation utterly astounded. We need not inform our readers that the big fiddle was not used in the "singing seats" afterwards.

Let Your Wife Know Your Circumstances.

It is a custom too common with the men of the world to keep their families in utter ignorance of the situation of their business. The wife knows nothing—has not even an idea of the amount of her husband's fortune, whether it be to be counted by thousands or tens of thousands. What can a woman kept in such ignorance learn? She spends, as a matter of course, all he gives her to spend, with the full confidence that when that is gone, and she asks for it, he will give her more. If an unmarried woman works, she may go with a bold, unblushing face and demand her wages; but a wife can demand nothing, her claim is only for bare necessity; and I have sometimes thought that generous men, on that account, often were too indulgent, too fearful of letting a wife know the exact state of their finances. It's all wrong. Husband and wife have a mutual interest; every wife should know the exact state of her husband's finances, understand his plans, and aid him, if possible, with her counsel, and then these terrible catastrophes would not so often happen. Many a wife, who is plunging her husband deeper and deeper into debt from ignorance, would, if she knew his embarrassments, be the first to retrench, the first to save, and with true womanly sympathy and generosity, help him to reinstate his falling fortunes.

Never argue a question with a single woman who has got beyond forty. Her ideas by that time are as fixed as Gibraltar. You might as well try to metamorphose a cooking-stove into a capary-bird, or pitch Bunker Hill Monument into a thimble, as to change her notions of things. Obsturacy, and advanced dimity in the singular number, always go the same way. The only hope for her salvation, is a chance widower.

A young chap one night came home from church, fretting and crying at a great rate about something, no one knew what. The father asked what was the matter? "The preacher says we must be born again, and I don't like it," said the boy, "I'm afraid next time I'll be a gal."

## PERSEVERE.

Carry a thing through. Persevere; don't do anything else. If you once fairly, soundly, wide awakes begin a thing, let it be carried out though it costs your best comfort, time, energies and all that you can command. We heartily abominate this turning back, this wearying and fainting of mind, and all that you can command. We heartily abominate this turning back, this wearying and fainting of mind, and all that you can command. We heartily abominate this turning back, this wearying and fainting of mind, and all that you can command.

Carry a thing through. Don't begin it till you are fully prepared for its accomplishment. Think, study, dig, till you know your ground, see your way. This done, launch out with all your soul; turn neither to the right nor left. Push on gamely—push on, as if creation had been waiting through all time for your especial hand and spirit. Then you'll do something worthy of yourself and kind.

Carry a thing through. Don't leap and dally from one thing to another. No man ever did anything that way. You can't.

Be strong minded. Be hopeful, stern and steady. Don't disgrace yourself by being on this thing to-day, and on that to-morrow, and on another thing next day. We don't care if you are the most active mortal living—we don't care if you labor day and night, in season and out;—be sure the end of your life will show nothing, if you perpetually change from object to object. Fortune, success, fame, position, are never gained but by piously, determined, bravely sticking, growing, living to the thing till it is fairly accomplished.

In short, you must carry a thing through if you want to be anybody or anything. No matter if it does cost you the pleasure, the society, the thousand pearly gratifications of life. No matter for these. Stick to the thing and carry it through. Believe you were made for the matter, and that no one else can do it at all. Put forth your whole energies. Stir, wake, electrify yourself, and go forth to the task. Only once learn to carry a thing through in all its completeness and proportion, you will become a hero. You will think better of yourself, others will think better of you. Of course they will. The world in its very heart admires the stern, determined doer. It sees in him its best sight, its highest object, its richest treasure. Drive right along then, in what ever you undertake. Consider yourself amply sufficient for the deed. You'll be successful. Never fear.—Waverly Magazine.

## The Choice.

A Quaker, residing at Paris, was waited on by four of his workmen in order to make three compliments and ask for their New Year's gifts. "Well, my friends," said the Quaker, "here are my gifts; choose fifteen francs or the Bible." "I don't know how to read," said the first, "so I take the fifteen francs." "I can read," said the second, "but I have pressing wants." He took the fifteen francs. The third also made the same choice. He now came to the fourth, a young lad of about thirteen or fourteen. The Quaker looked at him with an air of goodness. "Will you, too, take these three pieces, which you may obtain at any time by your industry?" As you say the book is good, I will take it and read to it to my mother," replied the boy. He took the Bible, opened it, and found between the leaves a gold piece of forty francs. The others hung down their heads, and the Quaker told them he was sorry they had not made a better choice.

## A Rich Scene.

A rich scene took place in front of the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, recently. An honest Dutchman, who had just arrived from the Netherlands, came up St. Charles street with his wife and daughter hanging on his arm. In coming in front of the splendid edifice already mentioned he suddenly halted and with his mouth wide open exclaimed to his "vrouw":

"Mine got, Elizabeth, what a splendid church!"

"Hans," said his wife catching him by the arm "does you think that is a Lutheran or a Catholic church? It doesn't look much like de one, and den it look a good deal like de tadder and den again it doohest look much like de neder."

"Stop min vrow," said old Hans as he shook the ashes out of his way necked pipe, "I will go in and see what church it is."

The old man went in and saw a motley crowd at the bar, rows of brilliant decanters filled with the choicest liquors and every one apparently enjoying himself. He rushed out in perfect horror and clutching his wife by the arm, said in trembling tones:

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth! mine Gott! You hear how de Savior once drive de money merchants out ob de temples an' all dat. And now come, Elizabeth, lesh go back to Yarmany, for here in New Orleans I find dat dey sells schnapps in de churches."

To weep for fear is childish; to weep for anger is womanish; to weep for grief is human; to weep for compassion is divine, but to weep for sin is christian.

## Restless Nights.

Some persons "toss and tumble" half the night, and get up in the morning, weary, unrefreshed, and dispirited, wholly unfit either in body or mind for the duties of the day; they are not only incapacitated for business, but are often rendered so ungracious in their manners, so irritable and fretful, as to spread a gloom over the whole household. To be able to go to bed and be in a sound delicious sleep, an unconscious deliciousness in five minutes, and enjoyed in its remembrance, is a great happiness, an incalculable blessing, and one for which the most sincere and affectionate thanks should habitually go up to that beneficent Providence which vouchsafes the same through the instrumentalities of a wise and self-denying attention to the laws of our being.

Restless nights as to persons in apparent good health arise chiefly—first, an overloaded stomach; second, from worldly care; third from want of muscular activities proportioned to the needs of the system. Few will have restless nights who take dinner midday, and nothing after that except a piece of cold bread and butter and a cup or two of some warm drink; anything beyond that, as cake, pie, chipped beef, doughnuts, preserves, and the like, only tempt nature to eat when there is really no cause for it, thus engendering dyspepsia and all its train of evils.

Worldly care. For those who cannot sleep from the unsatisfactory condition of their affairs; who feel as if they were going behind hand; or that they are about to encounter great losses, whether from their own remissness, the perfidy of friends or unavoidable circumstances, we have a deep and sincere sympathy. To such we say, live hopefully for better days ahead, and mean while strive diligently, persistently, and with a brave heart to that end.

But the more common cause of restless nights is, that exercise has not been taken to make the body tired enough to demand sleep. Few will fail to sleep soundly if the whole of daylight, or as much thereof as will produce moderate exertion, or on horse back, or on foot. Many spoil all their sleep by attempting to force more on nature than she requires. Few persons will fail to sleep soundly, while they do sleep, if they avoid sleeping in the daytime, will go to bed at a regular hour, and heroically resolve to get up the moment they wake, whether it be two, four or six o'clock in the morning. In less than a week each one will find how much sleep his system requires; thereafter give it that, and no more.—Hall's Journal of Health.

## Legal Notice.

If a man or boy sits about streets, hour after hour, when he has business, there is danger of his becoming a loafer. If he idles about the streets, and is frequently seen on the corners, he is in danger of becoming a loafer. If he puts off work that should be done at once or runs with the girls when he should be at study or business, he is in imminent danger of becoming a loafer.

He that never changed any of his opinions, never corrected any of his mistakes; and he who was never wise enough to find any mistakes in himself, will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.

Not so bad. One of the townsmen meeting with one of the strolling organ players, was inclined to engage in conversation with him, and asked him:

"What part in the great drama of life do you perform?"

"I mind my own business!" was the brief and pointed reply.

"Why don't you wheel that barrow of coals, Ned?" said a miner to one of his sons. "It is not a very hard job. There is an inclined plane to relieve you." "Ah!" replied Ned, who had more relish for wit than work, "the plane may be inclined, but hang me if I am."

"My dear fellow," said Pease Hickman to a waiter in a hotel, "I have respect for flies; indeed I may say I am fond of flies—but I like to have them and my milk in separate glasses; they mix so much better when you have control of both ingredients."

## NOTICE.

### TAX DEEDS! TAX DEEDS!

THE following Lands Undermined Lands and Town Lots, sold on the days set forth in said list, for the Tax, Cost and Penalty, due on each parcel, for the Delinquent Tax of A. D. 1863, with the amount of Tax charged and interest calculated up to the last day of Redemption, is herewith published, as provided by law:

### Osakalosa Township.

Sold May 3, 1863, time for Redemption will expire May 3, 1863:  
Name Description See T. R. Act, Sec. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 8